




IN A CITY OF HORROR...



...I SWORE TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT.



WHEN I FAILED...



...HE SWORE TO AVENGE THEM.

# NOTHING WILL STOP US

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DETECTIVE  
DRAKE. DO  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

CORRIGAN,  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON?

DOES THE  
SPECTRE WANT  
OUT? IS THERE  
SOMETHING HERE,  
SOME KIND OF  
DEMON?



SOMEBODY  
GET CUFFS ON  
THESE TWO.



IT--

--IT  
WASN'T  
ME...



NO! GET  
DOWN!

DON'T LET IT  
LOOSE! THESE  
ARE GOOD  
POLICE!

"IT'S A RELATIVE  
TERM, YES?"



WHAT IS "RATIONAL"? IF WE ARE BEING HONEST, WE MUST UNDERSTAND.

WE OPERATE SO FAR OUTSIDE LOGIC, SO MUCH OF THE TIME. WE ACT, AND THEN WE EXPLAIN OUR ACTIONS TO OURSELVES.



I AM AT THE SPOT OF SISTER JUSTINE'S DEMISE, TESTING A THEORY WITH REGARDS TO THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACK FLOWERS OF GOTHAM.

IT IS AN IRRATIONAL THEORY.

THE TIME IS EIGHT TWELVE PM. THE SUN IS SETTING. IF SHE IS SOMEHOW REACHING OUT FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE--IF SHE IS COMMUNICATING, THERE WILL BE SOME TRACE ENERGY OR...



...OR THERE IS NOTHING, AND I ONLY MISS MY DEAR FRIEND.

AND I WANT HER SPIRIT TO BE HERE BUT--

A BLACK FLOWER GROWS...



...WHERE SHE KNELT AND CRIED.

A BLACK FLOWER GROWS...



...WHERE SHE LAY AND DIED.

WAIT! EXCUSE ME!

WHAT IS THAT SONG YOU'RE SINGING?